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# GOING SOME

## A ROMANCE OF STRENUOUS AFFECTION

BY  
REX BEACH

SUGGESTED BY THE PLAY BY  
REX BEACH AND PAUL ARMSTRONG

Illustrated By  
Edgar Bert Smith

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## CHAPTER IX.

**G**LASS had gone to the cow-  
boys' sleeping quarters in  
search of his employer, and  
was upon the point of leaving  
when the delegation  
filed in. He regarded them  
with careless contempt, and  
removed his clay pipe to ex-  
claim, cheerfully:

"B-zoo gents! Where's my pro-  
tege?"

"I don't know. Where did you have  
it last?"

"I mean Speed, my trainin' partner.  
That's a French word."

"Oh! We just left him."

"Think I'll hunt him up."

"Wait a minute." Willie came for-  
ward. "Let's talk."

"All right. We'll visit. Let her go,  
professor."

"You've been handlin' him for quite  
a spell, haven't you?"

"Sure! It's my trainin' that put him  
where he is. Ask him if it ain't."

"Then he's a good athlete, is he?"

"Is he good? Huh!" Glass grunted,  
expressively.

"How fast can he do a hundred  
yards?"

Larry yawned as if this conversa-  
tion bored him.

"Oh—about—eight—seconds."

At this amazing declaration Willie  
paused, as if to thoroughly digest it.

"Eight seconds!" repeated the lit-  
tle man at length.

"Sure! Depends on how he feels, of  
course."

Berkeley Fresno, in the corner,  
snickered audibly, at which the trainer  
scowled at him.

"Think he can't do it, eh? Well,  
he's there four ways from the ace."

Seeing no evidence that his state-  
ment failed to carry conviction in other  
quarters at least, Glass went further.  
It was so easy to string these  
simple-minded people that he could  
not resist the temptation.

"Didn't you never hear about the  
killin' he made at Saratoga?" he  
queried.

Willie started, and his hand crept  
slowly backward along his belt. "Kill-  
in! Is that his game?"

"Now, get me right," explained the  
former speaker. "He breaks trainin',  
and goes up to Saratoga for a little  
rest. While he's there he wins eight  
thousand dollars playin' diablo."

"Playin' what?" queried Stover.

"Diablo! He backs himself, of  
course."

Glass took an imaginary spool from  
his pocket, spun it by means of an  
imaginary string, then sent it aloft and  
pretended to catch it dexterously. The  
cowboys watched him with grave, un-  
comprehending eyes.

"He starts with a case five and runs  
it up to eight thousand dollars, that's  
all."

Stover uttered an exclamation of  
astonishment, whereupon the New  
Yorker grew even bolder.

"The next week he hops over to Bar  
Harbor and wins the futurity ping-  
pong stakes from scratch. That's  
worth twenty thousand if it's worth a  
lead nickel. Oh, I guess he's there, all  
right!" He searched out a match and  
relighted his pipe.

"I suppose he's a great croquet play-  
er, too," observed Fresno, whose face  
was purple.

"Sure!" Glass winked at him, glad  
to see that the Californian enjoyed  
this kind of sport.

"We don't care nothin' about his  
skill at sleight-of-hand tricks," said  
the man in spectacles, seriously. "And  
we wouldn't hold his croquet habits  
agin him. Some men drink, some  
gamble, some do worse; every man  
has his weakness, and croquet may be  
his. What we want to know is this:  
Can he win our phonograph?"

"Surest thing you know!"

"Then you vouch for him, do you?"

Willie's eyes were bent upon the fat  
man with a look of searching gravity  
that warned Glass not to temporize.

"With my life!" exclaimed the train-  
er.

"You're on!" said the cowboy, with  
unexpected grimness.

"What'd you mean?"

But before the other could explain,  
Berkeley Fresno, who had sunk weakly  
into a chair at Larry's extravagant  
praise of his rival, afforded a diversion.  
The tenor had leaned back, con-  
vulsed with enjoyment when, loring  
his balance, he came to the floor with  
a crash. The sudden sound brought  
a terrifying result, for with a startled  
cry the undersized cowman leaped as  
if touched by a living flame. Like a  
flash of light he whirled and poised on  
his toes, his long, evil-looking revolver  
drawn and cocked, his tense face vul-  
turelike and fierce. His eyes glared  
through his spectacles, his livid fea-  
tures worked as if at the sound of his  
own death-call. His whole frame was  
tense; a galvanic current had trans-  
formed him. His weapon darted to-  
ward the spot whence the noise had

come, and he would have fired blindly  
had not Stover yelled:

"Don't shoot!"

Willie paused, and the breath crept  
audibly into his lungs.

"Who done that?" he asked, harshly.  
Still Bill brought his lanky frame up  
above the level of the table.

"God 'mighty! don't be so sudden,  
Willie!" he cried. "It was a acci-  
dent."

But the gun man seemed uncon-  
vinced. With a cat-like tread he stole  
cautiously to the door, and stared out  
into the sunlight; then, seeing nobody  
in sight, he replaced his weapon in its  
resting place and sighed with relief.

"I thought it was the marshal from  
Waco," he said. "He'll never git me  
alive."

Stover addressed himself to Fresno,  
who had gone pale, and was still pro-  
strate where he had fallen.

"Get up, Mr. Berkeley, but don't  
make no more moves like that behind  
a man's back. He most got you."

Fresno arose in a daze and mopped  
his brow, mumbling, weakly: "I-I  
didn't mean to."

Carara and Mr. Cloudy came out  
from cover whither they had fled at  
Willie's first movement.

"I dreamed about that feller agin  
last night," apologized the little man.  
"I'm sort of nervous, and any sudden  
noise sets me off."

As for Glass, that corpulent indi-  
vidual had disappeared as if into thin  
air; only a stir in one of the bunks  
betrayed his hiding place. At the  
first sight of Willie's revolver he had  
dived for a refuge and was now flat-  
tened against the wall, a pillow  
pressed over his head to deaden the  
expected report.

"Hey!" called the foreman, but  
Glass did not hear him.

"Seems to be gun-shy," observed  
Willie, gently.

Stover crossed to the bunk and laid  
a hand upon the occupant, at which a  
convulsion ran through the trainer's  
soft body, and it became as rigid as  
if locked in death. "Come out, Mr.  
Glass, it's all over."

Larry muttered in a stifled voice,  
"Go 'way!"

"It was a mistake."

He opened his tight-shut lids, rolled  
over, and thrust forth a round, pallid  
face. He saw Stover laughing, and  
beheld the white teeth of Carara, the  
Mexican, who said:

"Perhaps the Senor is sleepy!"

Finding himself the object of what  
seemed to him a particularly senseless  
joke, the New Yorker crept forth, his  
face suffused with anger. Strangely  
enough, he still retained the pipe in  
his fingers.

"Say, are youse guys tryin' to kid  
me?" he demanded, roughly. Now  
that no firearm was in sight, he was  
master of himself again; and seeing  
the cause of his undignified alarm  
leaning against the table, he stepped  
toward him threateningly. "If you try  
that again, young feller, I'll chip you  
on the jaw, and give you a long,  
dreamy nap." He thrust a short,  
square fist under Willie's nose.

That scholarly gentleman straight-  
ened up, and edged his way to one  
side, Glass following aggressively.

"You're a husky, ain't you?" said  
the little man, squinting up at the red  
face above him.

"Am I?" Glass snorted. "Take a  
good look!" With deliberate menace  
he bumped violently into the other. It  
was with difficulty he could restrain  
himself from crushing him.

Stover gasped and retreated, while  
Carara crossed himself, then slid  
back of a bunk. Mr. Cloudy stepped  
silently out through the open door and  
held his thumbs.

"You start to kid me and I'll wallop  
you—"

"One moment!" Willie was trans-  
figured suddenly. An instant since he  
had been a stoop-shouldered, short-  
sighted, insignificant person, more  
gentle mannered than a child, but in  
a flash he became a palpitating fury:  
an evil atom surcharged with such  
terrible venom that his antagonist  
drew back involuntarily. "Don't you  
make no threat'nin' moves in my di-  
rection, or you'll go East in an ice-  
bath!" He was panting as if the ef-  
fort to hold himself in leash was  
almost more than he could stand.

"G'wan!" said Glass, thickly.

"You're deluded with the idea that  
the Constitution made all men equal,  
but it didn't; it was Mr. Colt." With  
a movement quicker than light the  
speaker drew his gun for the second  
time, and buried half the barrel in the  
New Yorker's ribs.

"Look out!" Glass barked the  
words, and undertook to deflect the  
weapon with his hand.

"Let it alone or it'll go off!"

Glass dropped his hand as if it had  
been burned, and stared down his  
bulging front with horrified, fascinat-  
ed eyes.

"Now, listen. We've stood for you  
as long as we can. You've made your

talk and got away with it, but from  
now on you're working for us. We've  
framed a foot-race, and put up our  
panga because you said you had a  
champeen. Now, we ain't sayin' you  
lied—'cause if we thought you had,  
I'd gun-shoot you here, now." Willie  
paused, while Glass licked his lips and  
undertook to frame a reply. The black  
muzzle of the weapon hovering near  
his heart, however, stupefied him. Me-  
chanically he thrust the stem of his  
pipe between his lips while Willie  
continued to glare at him balefully.  
"You're boss is a guest, but you ain't.  
We can talk plain to you."

"Y—yes, of course."

"You said just now you'd answer  
for him with your life. Well, we aim  
to make you! We ain't a-goin' to lose  
this foot-race under no circumstances  
whatever, so we give you complete  
authority over the body, health, and  
speed of Mr. Speed. It's up to you  
to make him beat that cook."

"S-s-suppose he gets sick or sprains  
his ankle?" Glass undertook to move  
his body from in front of the weapon,  
but it followed him as if magnetized.

"There ain't a-goin' to be no acci-  
dents or excuses. It's pay or play,  
money at the tape. You're his trainer,  
and it's your fault if he ain't fit when  
he toes the mark. Understand?"

Willie lowered the muzzle of his  
weapon, and fired between the legs of  
Glass, who leaped into the air with all  
the grace of a gazelle. It was due to  
no conscious action on his part that  
the trainer leaped; his muscles were  
stimulated spasmodically, and prop-  
elled him from the floor.

"Did you hear what I said?" de-  
manded Willie, in a voice that sound-  
ed like the sawing of a meat bone.

Glass opened his mouth, and when  
no sound issued, nodded.

"And you understand?"

Again the trainer bobbed his head.

"Then I guess that's all. It's up to  
you." Willie replaced his gun, and  
the fat man threatened to fall. "Come  
on, boys!" The cowboys filed out si-  
lently, but on the threshold Willie  
paused and darted a venomous  
glance at his enemy. "Don't forget  
what I said about Mr. Colt and the  
equality of man."

"Yes, sir!—yes, ma'am!" ejaculated  
the frightened trainer, nervously.  
When they were gone he collapsed.

"They are rather severe, aren't  
they?" ventured Fresno.

"Severe!" cried the unhappy man.  
"Why, Speed can't—" He was about  
to explain everything when the mem-  
ory of Willie's words smote him like  
a blow. That fiend had threatened to  
kill him, Lawrence Glass, without pre-  
liminary if it became evident that a  
fraud had been practiced. Manifestly  
this was no place for hysterical con-  
fidences. Larry's mouth closed like a  
trap, while the Californian watched  
him intently. At length he did speak,



Like a Flash His Revolver Leaped  
Out.

but in a strangely softened tone, and  
at utter variance with his custom.

"Say, Mr. Fresno! Which direction  
is New York?"

"That way." Fresno pointed to the  
east, and the other man stared long-  
ingly out through the bunk-house win-  
dow.

"It's quite a walk, ain't it?"

"Walk?" Berkeley laughed. "It's  
two or three thousand miles!" Glass  
sighed heavily. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothin'. Jest gettin' home-  
sick." He calmed himself with an ef-  
fort, entered the gymnasium as if in  
search of something, and then set  
forth to find Speed.

That ecstatic young gentleman  
wrenched his gaze away from the blue  
eyes of Miss Blake to see his trainer  
signaling him from afar.

"What is it, Lawrence?"

"Got to see you."

"Presently."

"Nix! I got to see you now!"

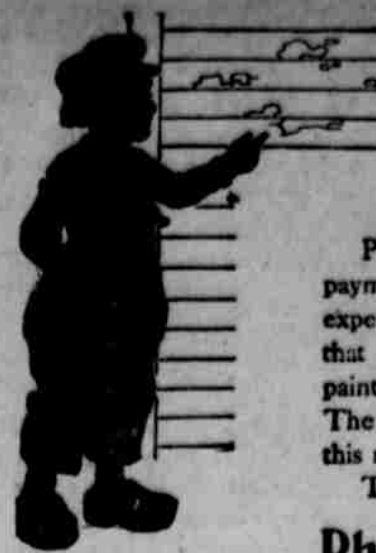
Glass' ruddy face was blotched, and  
he seemed to rest in the grip of some  
blighting malady. Beneath his arm  
he carried a tight-rolled bundle. Sens-  
ing something important back of this  
unusual demeanor, Speed excused  
himself and followed Larry, who did  
not trust to speech until they were  
alone in the gymnasium with the  
doors closed. Then he unrolled the  
bundle he carried, spread it upon the  
floor, and stepped into its exact center.

"Are you standing on my prayer-  
rug?" demanded his companion, an-  
grily.

"I am! And from this on I'm goin'  
to make it work itself to death. She  
said a feller couldn't get hurt if he  
stood on it and said 'Allah.' Well,  
I'm goin' to wear it out."

"What's wrong?"

"Do you know what's goin' to hap-  
pen?"



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